

BELL

JAN.-MARCH

10¢

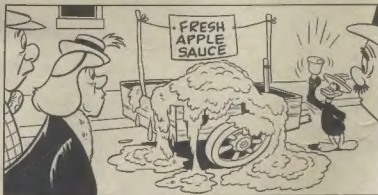
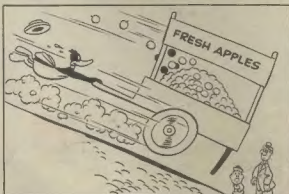
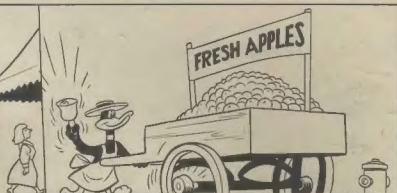
Daffy



WARNER BROS. CARTOONS

Present

DAFFY DUCK

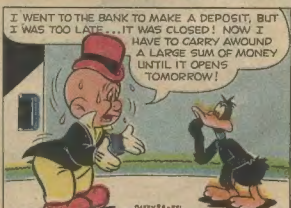
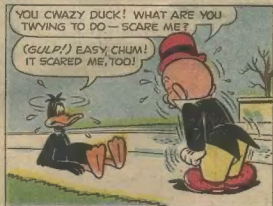
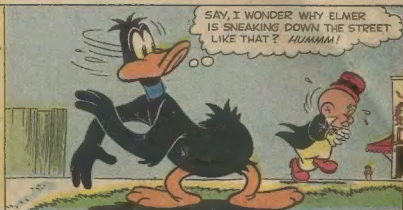


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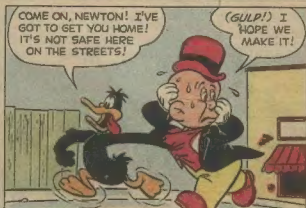
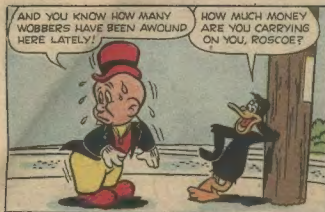
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
PRESENT

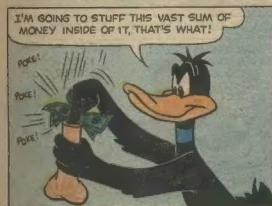
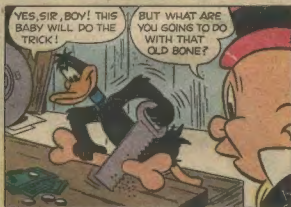
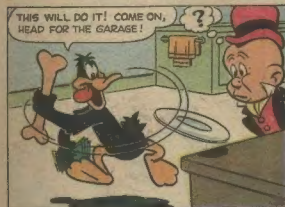
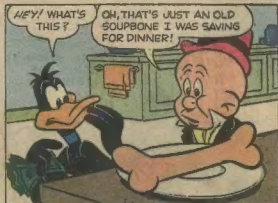
DAFFY DUCK

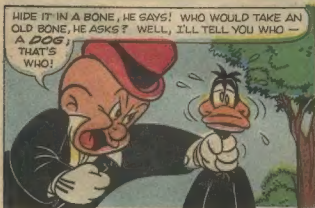
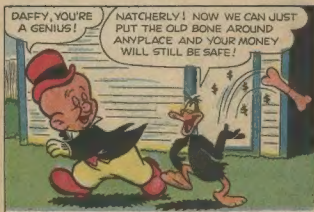
SOUPBONE
SHENANIGANS

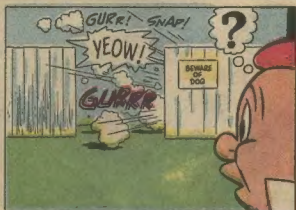


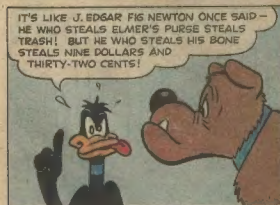
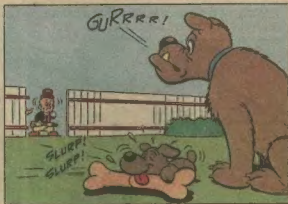
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

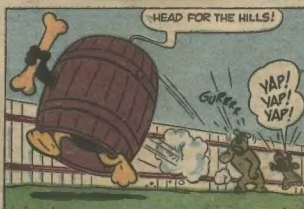
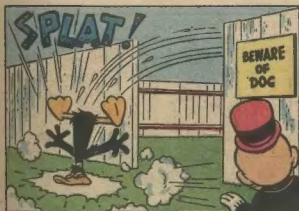


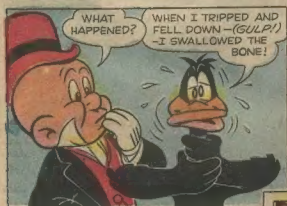
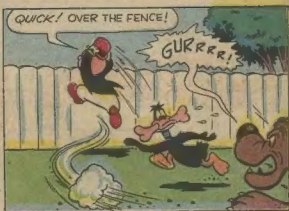












WARNER BROS CARTOONS
PRESENT

SUZANNE

IN THE FOOTBALL DANCE

WHY DON'T WE
HAVE A NICE
DANCING
PARTY?

I'M TIRED OF
DANCING PARTIES
WITH NO BOYS TO
DANCE WITH!

ALL BOYS
THINK ABOUT
15 THEIR OLD
FOOTBALL!

I'LL BET IF WE HAD
ICE CREAM AND
CAKE, THE BOYS
WOULD COME!

IT WOULDN'T
HURT TO
ASK THEM:

LET'S USE THE MONEY WE'VE BEEN SAVING
FOR THAT TRIP TO SWITZERLAND!

I HAVE 85¢!

I HAVE 95¢!

I HAVE 18¢!

ALL TOGETHER
WE HAVE
\$1.98!

THAT SHOULD
BE PLENTY!

LET'S
GO FIND
THE BOYS!

OH, RED!

WE WANT TO TALK
TO YOU BOYS!

WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE ICE CREAM
AND CAKE...

OH, BOY!

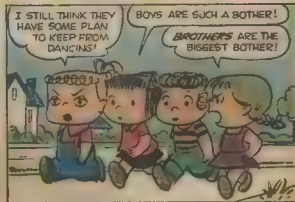
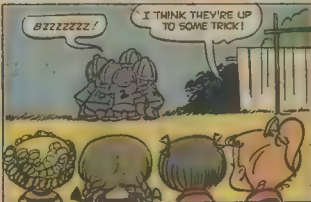
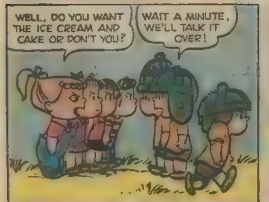
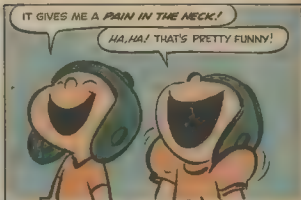
THAT'S FOR
ME!
ME, TOO!

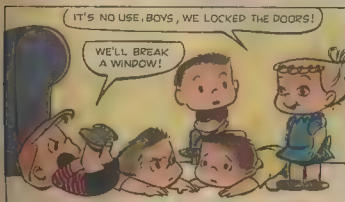
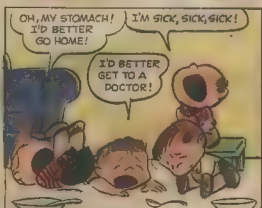
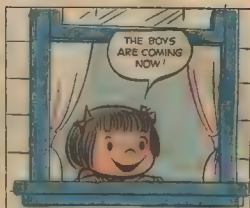
...AND AFTERWARDS,
WE'LL DANCE!

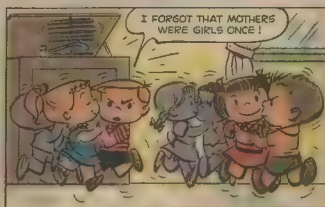
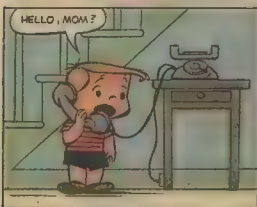
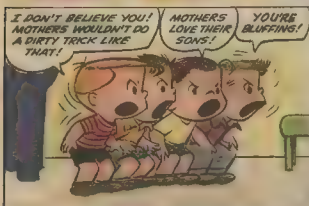
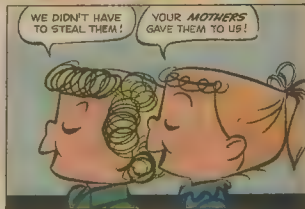
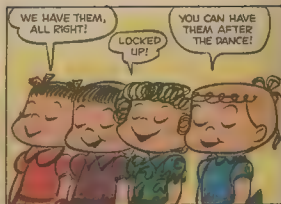
I THOUGHT THERE WAS
A CATCH!

PHOOEY

PHOOEY!







WARNER BROS. CARTOONS

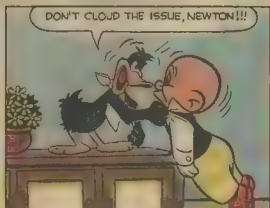
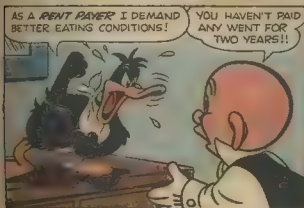
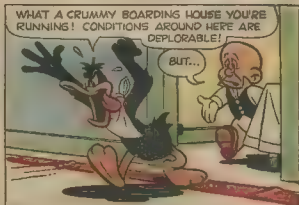
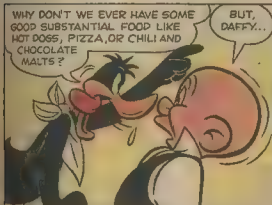
Present

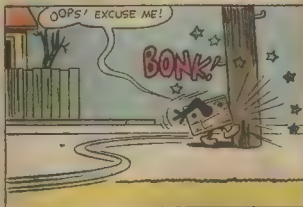
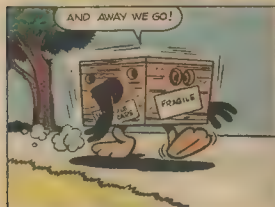
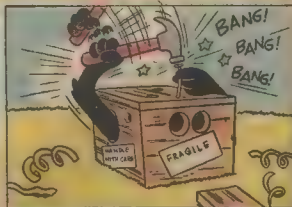
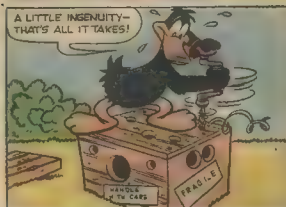
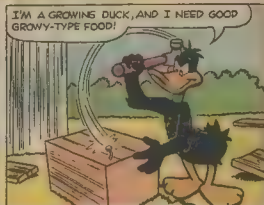
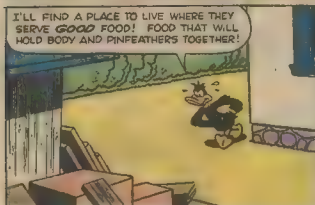
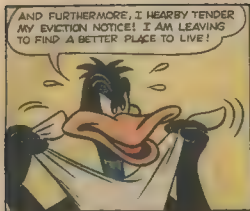
DAFFY DUCK

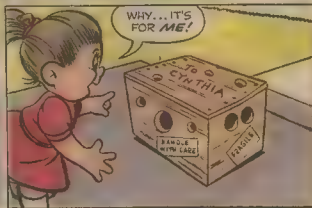
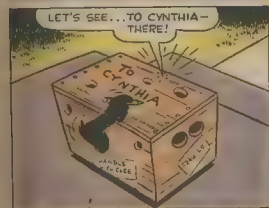
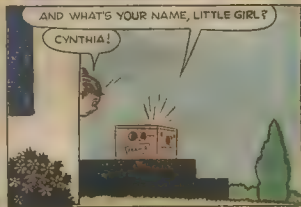
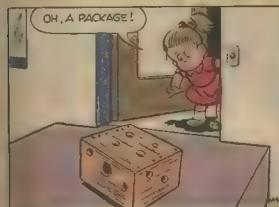
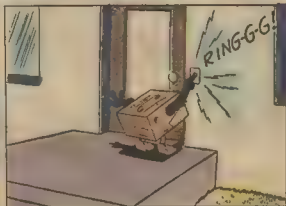
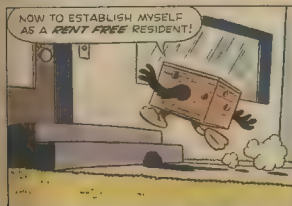
The
FREELoader

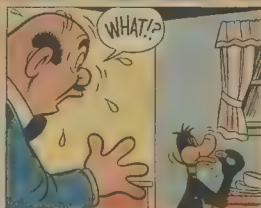
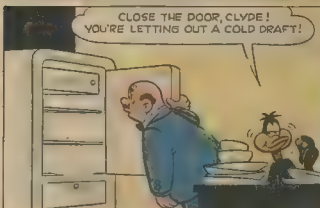
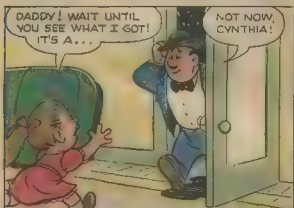
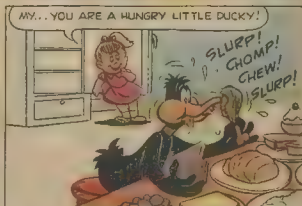
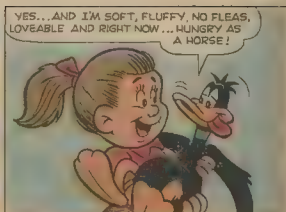
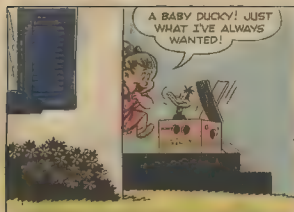
WHAT! ARE WE HAVING
CHARCOAL-BROILED OKRA
AND QUINCE CURRY
AGAIN?

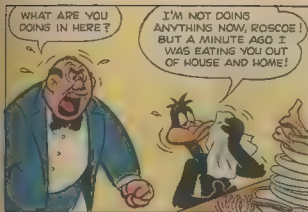
BUT I LIKE OKRA AND
QUINCE CURRY!





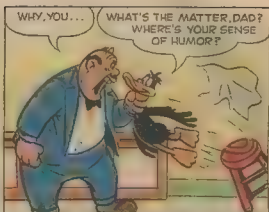






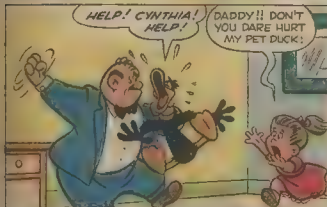
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING NOW, ROSCOE! BUT A MINUTE AGO I WAS EATING YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME!



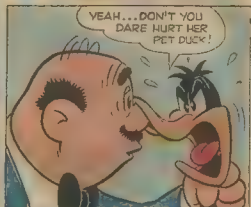
WHY, YOU...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAD? WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR?

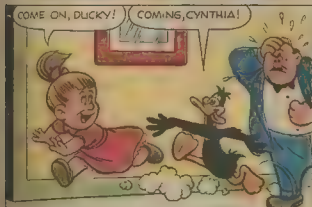


HELP! CYNTHIA! HELP!

DADDY!! DON'T YOU DARE HURT MY PET DUCK!

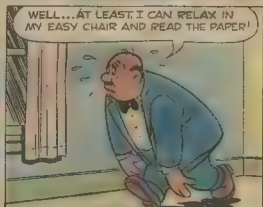


YEAH...DON'T YOU DARE HURT HER PET DUCK!



COME ON, DUCKY!

COMING, CYNTHIA!



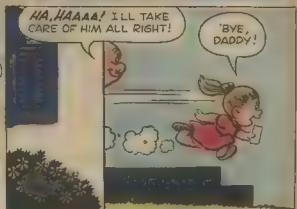
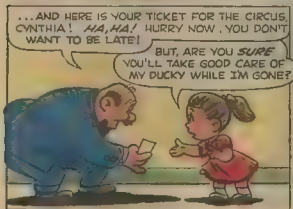
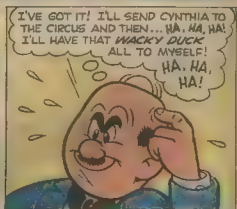
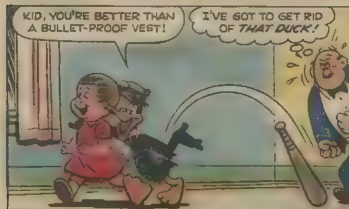
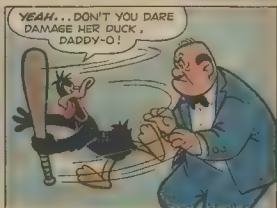
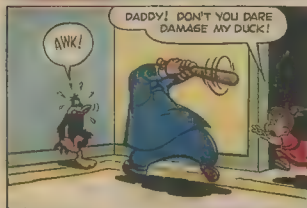
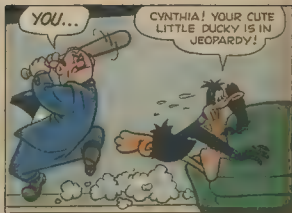
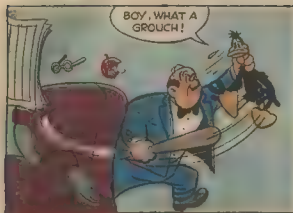
WELL...AT LEAST, I CAN RELAX IN MY EASY CHAIR AND READ THE PAPER!

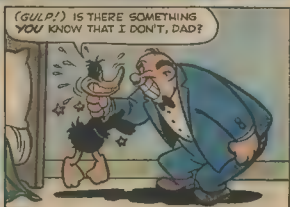
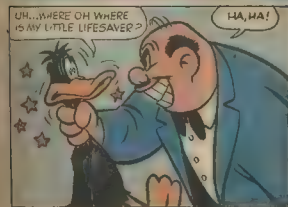
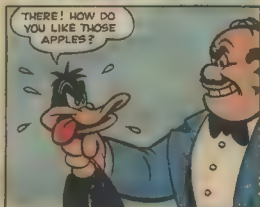
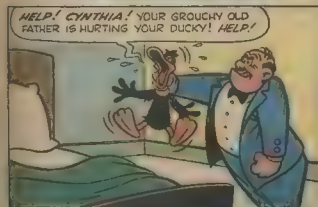
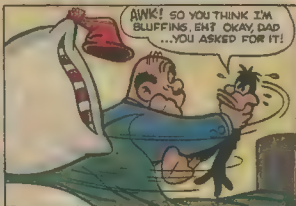
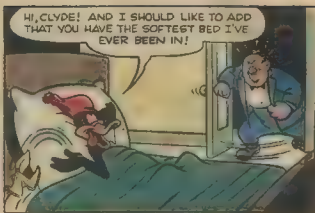
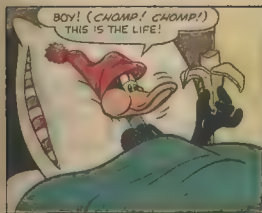


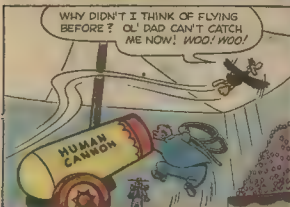
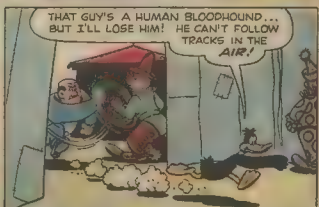
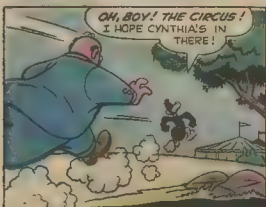
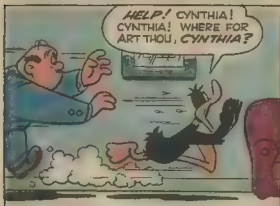
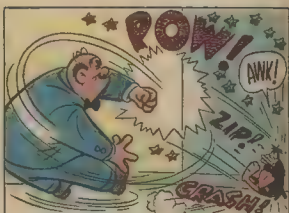
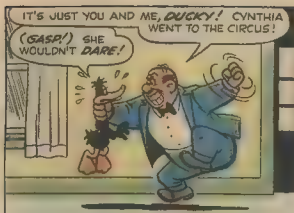
(GASP!) MY SLIPPERS! MY PAPER! MY EASY CHAIR!

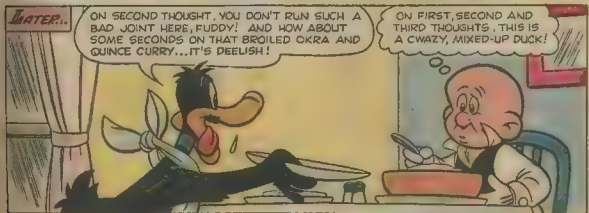
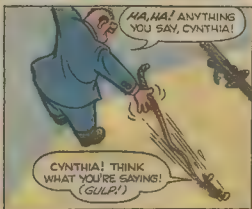


WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE AFTER-DINNER MINTS DAD?









The BOOL GOES to SCHOOL



A sudden loud snort from the yard of the schoolhouse made Little Pancho Vanilla race to the window. There he pressed his snub nose flat against the glass.

"Oh, teacher," he cried with great excitement, "it ees a big bool outside!"

"Eeki!" the teacher shrieked when her own eyes had proved that Little Pancho was right. "The girls cannot go home past that huge beast. What shall we do?"

Little Pancho puffed out his chest like a balloon. "The bool ees lost and walked into our schoolyard. He weel not leave until he is driven away. And my Papacito, the famous boolfighter, is the only one who can do that!"

"Poofi!" said one of the boys. "Your Papacito cannot even drive away flies!"

"By gollys, I weel show you!" exclaimed Little Pancho in a hurt voice.

Before anyone could stop him, he had scrambled through the door and darted under the fence. The huge bull was pawing the dry dirt near a bristling cactus plant, and his big red eyes glanced indifferently at Little Pancho Vanilla.

"Papacito!" Little Pancho called loudly when he dashed into the dusty yard of his adobe home. "Papacito! We need your help weeth a beeg problem at school!"

"Umph! Zaww!" gasped Pancho Vanilla, struggling, still half asleep from his hammock and groaning tiredly.

"We need your help at school!" Little Pancho repeated frantically.

"Help?" asked Papacito. "Surely eet is not worthy of a famous boolfighter to be in so beeg a hurry. Is eet a fire?"

"No, no, Papacito," Little Pancho said, impatiently. "Please, hurry!"

"Is eet a beeg bully picking on you, my little one?" demanded Papacito, trying to sound very fierce but spoiling the effect by yawning sleepily.

"No, no, Papacito!" Little Pancho cried. "See it in the schoolyard? Eet is a huge bool which is a beeg problem for us, but no problem at all for the most famous boolfighter in all of Chilivania!"

Pancho Vanilla's skinny body began to tremble like a reed before a strong wind as he stopped and stared unbelievably at the immense animal in the yard.

"A bool?" he croaked, hoarsely. "Ah, Little Pancho, but I do not have my license for boolfighting weeth me!"

Just then the teacher shrieked from the schoolhouse, "Drive this terrible beast away from the schoolhouse, brave Pancho Vanilla!" and then hid behind the window.

"See how they depend on you, Papacito!" declared Little Pancho happily and tugged the reluctant Pancho into the yard.

But the bull snorted so angrily that Papacito took a hasty step backward — right into a sharp cactus needle!

"Yeow!" Papacito screeched, quickly leaping forward.

"Rumph!" blasted the bull in sudden alarm, as Papacito stumbled helplessly toward him, arms and legs flying. Then the animal hastily trotted out of the wooden gate and down the schoolhouse road.

"Hurray for Pancho Vanilla!" the kids shouted loudly.

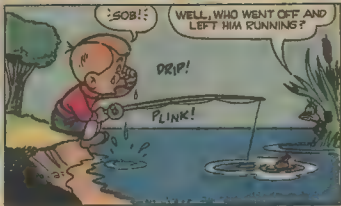
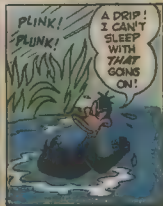
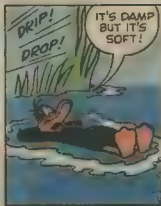
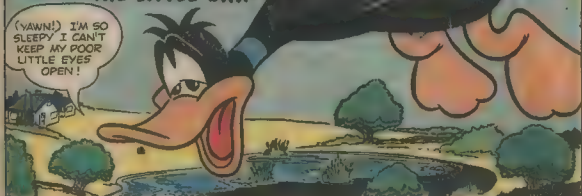
"The bool came to school and my brave Papacito taught heem a lesson!" said Little Pancho with a grin.

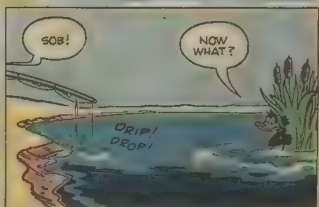
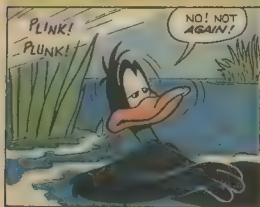
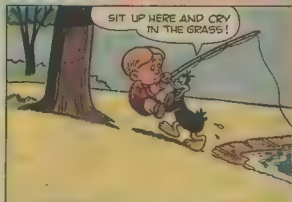
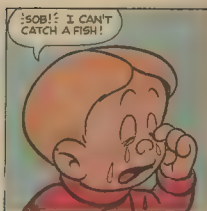
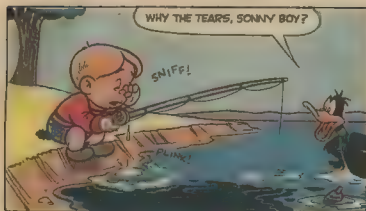
But poor Papacito hardly had enough strength left to get back to his hammock!

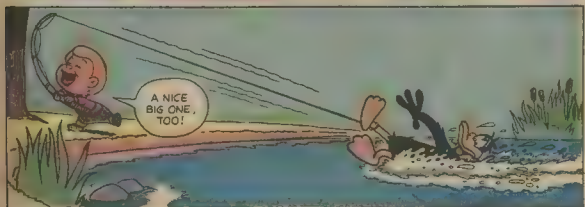
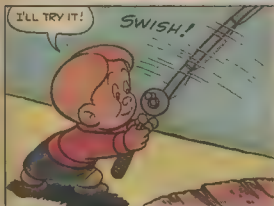
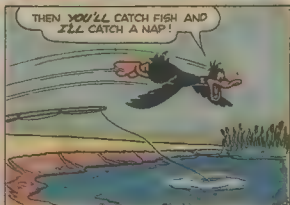
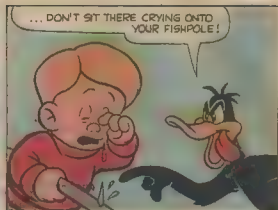
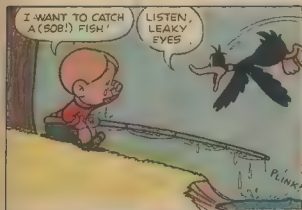
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
present

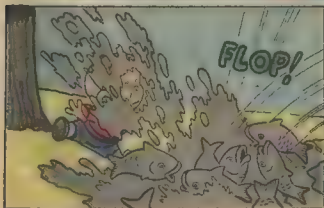
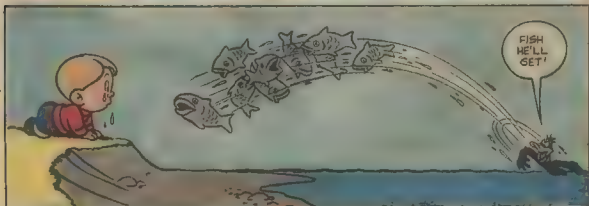
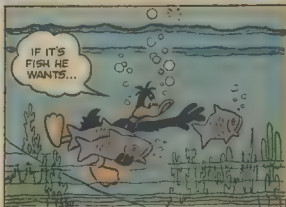
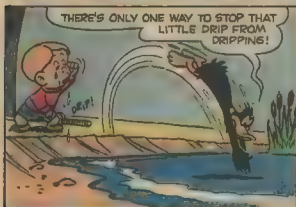
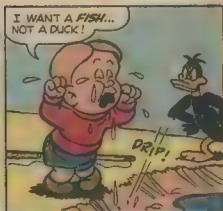
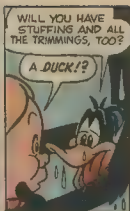
DAFFY DUCK

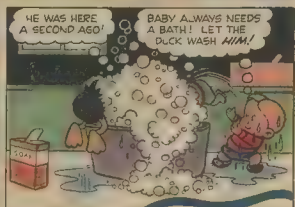
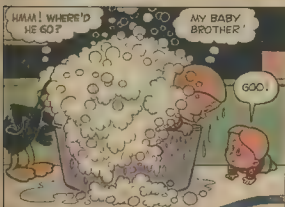
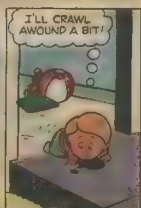
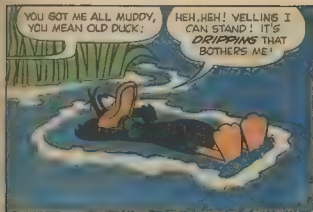
in THE LITTLE DRIP

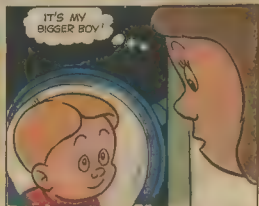
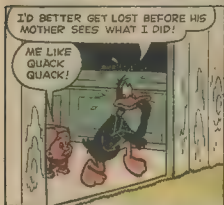
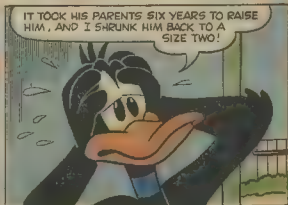
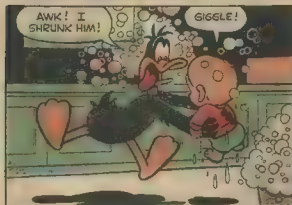
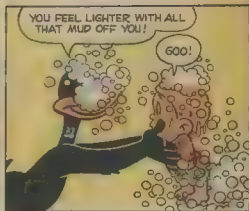
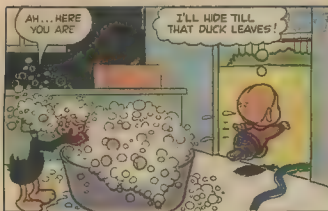


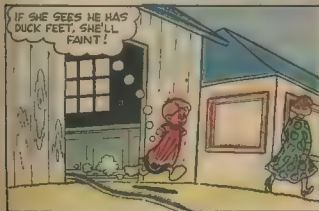
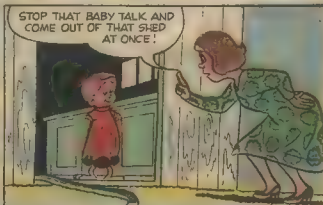
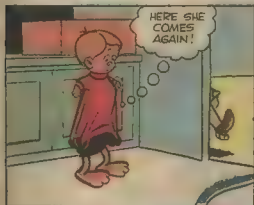
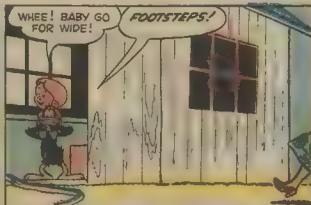
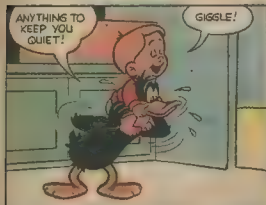
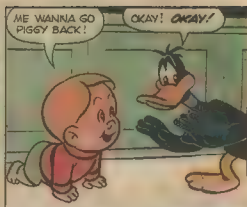


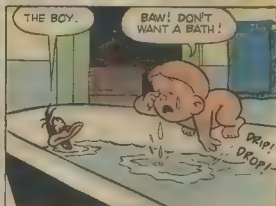
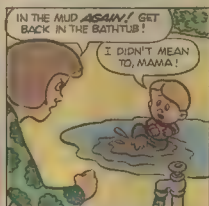
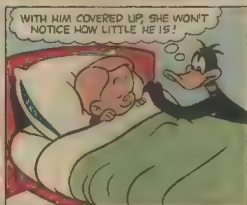
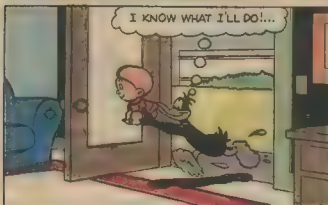
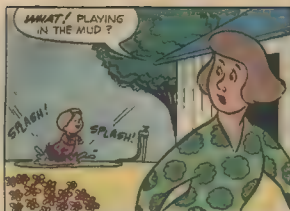










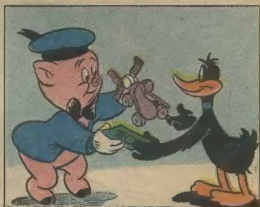




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Present

DAFFY DUCK

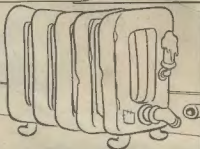


DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS
present

DAFFY

BR-R-R! I SHOULD HAVE FLOWN
SOUTH FOR THE WINTER WITH THE
REST OF THE DUCKS!



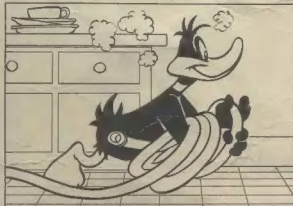
BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT FUDDY DUDDY'S
RADIATOR WOULD BE ON THE BLINK!



I KNEW IT WOULD BE A COLD
WINTER, BUT I WAS PLANNING
ON BUNKING WITH BALDY! BRR!



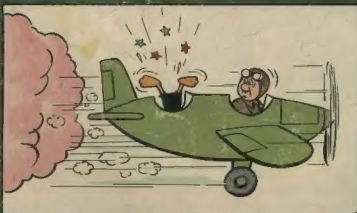
HEY! I JUST THOUGHT OF
SOMETHING!



NOW TO HOOK
THIS UP TO
THE HOT WATER-



Daffy



A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS
COMIC

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